

Lorand Gaspar

the bodies' wheat in the years' millstone
flours mixed by eternal laws
for other breads and other teeth
at night you grope suddenly baffled
by the fear fumbling in images' wombs
trying to seal movement in itself

and these waters naked with the ardor of moving
farther and farther into the open
(even and especially at close of night)

the sound of water swirling through the stones
sounds embroidered in night's calm on the sea
these languages I don't know that speak to me

I have on my desk at hand's reach
pebbles carefully polished by the sea
touching them feels as if my fingers
could sometimes illumine thought—

in the big gray silence when dawn ripens
the high-pitched infinitely drawn-out "tsiou"
(perched on a window bar)
of a blackbird from the year tirelessly seeking
its true voice in the concert

translated by Daniela Hurezanu &
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